

EVERY FRIDAY



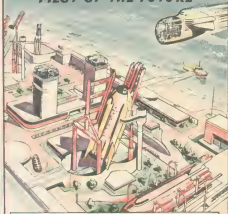
THREEPENCE

# EAGLE

14 APRIL 1950 No. 1

## DAN DARE

PILOT OF THE FUTURE



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE INTERPLANET SPACE FLEET  
SOME YEARS IN THE FUTURE

IN THE LAUNCHING CONTROL ROOM

"KINGFISHER'S  
READY TO GO,  
SIR HUBERT"

"RIGHT  
DAN"

HELLO KINGFISHER  
FLEET CONTROLLER  
HERE. WE'RE GOING TO  
GIVE YOU THE GUNNERY  
GOODBYE AND THE  
BEST OF LUCK

"THEY'LL  
NEED IT!"

RAMP 2  
AUXILIARY  
ROCKET  
BOOST



WELL, THERE  
SHE GOES, SIR — I WONDER  
IF SHE'LL EVER  
COME BACK?

SHE'LL NOT BE IN THE DANGER ZONE  
UNTIL THIS TIME NEXT WEEK, DAN —  
ALL WE CAN DO UNTIL THEN IS WAIT  
..... AND KEEP OUR FINGERS  
CROSSED.

A WEEK LATER -  
IN DICK DARE'S QUARTERS

MORNING, SIR!

MORNING, BOBBY-  
MACON & EGGS?

NAVY, IT'S NOBBIT  
THEM VITAMIN  
BLOCKS AGAIN!

JUMPIN' JETS!  
I'LL LOOK LIKE  
A VITAMIN  
SOON!

CHEER UP, SIR, IT'S NOT YOUR  
FAULT YOU DIDN'T GO IN THE  
"KINGFISHER"



WELL, IT SUITS ME, SIR,  
LIFE AT HQ'S A LOT  
BETTER THAN GADDING  
ABOUT IN NASTY, HOT  
SPACE SHIPS TO NASTY  
COLD PLANETS LIKE  
MARS

BUT MY DEAR DUMB DISB, IN CASE  
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A RADIO  
OR SEEN A PAPER IN THE LAST  
FEW WEEKS "KINGFISHER"  
TRYING TO REACH MARS  
NOT MARS!

THAT MAKES IT WORSE?  
--WE DO KNOW WE  
CAN REACH  
MARS

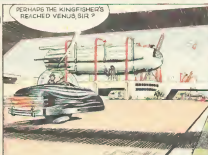


A MESSAGE COMES THROUGH  
ON DICK'S PERSONAL AIRLIFT

CONTROL LARS COMPLIMENTS  
SIR -- WILL YOU COME TO  
HQ RIGHT AWAY?

IT MUST BE NEWS  
FROM THE "KINGFISHER",  
DIS. -- COME ON!

DICK AND DICKY HURRY  
OUT TO DICK'S DEFEET\*  
(JET-PROPELLED  
GYROSCOPIC JEEP)



CONTINUED...

# The Adventures of P.C.49

FROM THE FAMOUS RADIO  
series by ALAN STRANKS



# PLOT AGAINST THE WORLD

A gripping new Serial by Chad Varab



## Chapter 1

### The Ghost from the Sea

**J**IM suddenly felt himself falling.

He had been strolling home from the Club with his hands in his pockets, whistling a popular rather tune that was driving his family crazy, and peering up at the sky trying to identify the Pole Star. Then he tripped on nothing.

His feet shot sideways and downwards. Before he could get his hands out of his pockets, he had slid down a chute, going his head a crack on the edge that made him see the Pleiades, and dropped several feet on to a rocky moraine. The avalanche he started took him with it and went on crashing and getting him even after he'd reached the bottom with his.

The taste of the gut in his mouth told him what had happened. Some fool had left a manhole-cover off, and Jim was now stoned up with somebody's cold ration.

Before he could pick himself up, he saw a shadow on the gritty whorl-shaped wall—evidently cast from a light in a connecting cellar. It came of the grotesque daisies. Jim saw what it was, and he could hardly believe his eyes. It was a man with a gun.

He tried as if paralyzed at the crater silhouette. The shadow began to creep towards him, and he remembered his was a hurry. He hadn't a single in a million of being able to scramble out in time, so he got to his feet and picked up a huge lump of coal. He heaved it with all his strength, not at the approaching figure, which was still around the corner of the passage, but at the pile of coal behind him. As a death avalanche started, he yelled at the top of his lungs:

"Come on, chap! And shoot to kill!"

The approaching shadow faltered. The man, it seemed, was not aware that his shadow could be seen. Discouraged, Jim heaved another lump (it felt like slate), and shouted:

"Wait for Tiger—then we'll rush them!"

A shot rang out, terrifying and deafening in that confined space. In the same moment Jim felt the gun near into his knee. As he fell, he groined:

"They got me, pals! Don't let 'em get away!"

Tenderly his hand explored the exposed knee. He was unaccounted not to find it was broken. He sagged the knee-cap. Nothing seemed to be broken. Then his hand touched a familiar object—a lump of slate with a shape he recognized. It had boomed back when he threw it, and clouted his knee.

He gave a whistle of relief. Then he looked hastily at the wall. The shadow had gone!

Had it ever been there? He could hardly believe it and yet his ears and tongue with the sound of the shot. Why wasn't a policeman

peering down the manhole by now, demanding to know "What's all this 'ere'?"

Jim stood perfectly still, and listened. It was then that he heard it—a sort of scuffle in the next cellar, and a strange animal sound. There was something horrible and smug about it, and his skin crawled. He wasn't a coward, but he'd had plenty for one night. The gunmen was bad enough, but then—the shuffling, snuffling sound made him think of some hideous reptile—an alligator, perhaps.

"I'm getting out of this!" muttered Jim.

He scrambled up the coal, and managed to pull himself up on to the chute. But it was slippery, and he fell off. As he picked himself up again, he cast a glance at the wall that was hardly lit.

Cripes! It was an alligator! Lower down than the shadow he'd seen at first, crawling on the floor, was a monstrous shape.

Jim hit out a yell and jumped for the chute, scrambling frantically against the side walls, and scraping his fingers raw. At last he got a grip on the edge of the manhole, and heaved himself up until his head and shoulders were out in the clean night air.

He was just going to leave himself out of the hole when he saw a host of faces at the edge of the street. The bulker whanged past his head with a "covey-EEP" just before he heard the crack of the shot. He ducked instinctively, lost his balance, and fell back onto the cellar. This time he caught the point of his chin on the edge of the hole. Just before he lost consciousness he sobbed "O gee—no Tiger!"

**W**HEN he came to, he couldn't remember at first where he was. He was lying on something soft and warm—and sticky.

He opened his mouth to yell, and his thought better of it. For there was an unmistakable ugly right against his nose and a fearful stench against his mouth.

The smell was boot-polish and the texture was wool. The contact between those homely things and the horror his strained imagination had pictured was so great that he gagged.

His face was pressed against someone's shoes and socks, and so far as he knew, alligators didn't wear shoes.

Then he stopped gagging. He was lying on a man, and the man was badly hurt. The stickiness against his hand was not reptilian slime but human blood.

Was the man dead?

Jim carefully rolled off him, felt along his body to his face, and was reassured by the warm moisture of breathing.

Obviously this must be the victim of the man with the gun and his accomplice, if any. And he needed help badly.

But it was too dark in the coal cellar. Jim crept cautiously round the corner, down a very short passage and into another cellar, parallel to the first. It was lit by a hurricane lamp hanging from a hook in the ceiling.

He could see the marks on the dirty floor where the man had painfully dragged himself along. They started from a row of wine-bins along the passage wall. It looked as if the man had crawled from one of the bins.

In the wall opposite, an opening led to a short flight of steps curving upwards. At the top he could just see a door, battered but stout, with a rusty lock. Grumbling under his breath at the grit that crunched beneath his feet, Jim stole up the steps and gently tried the door. It was locked.

He stood uncertainly for a moment, eying the door. Then he noticed the bolt on the inside, near the top. It was coated with rust. A long struggle followed before the bolt gave way to Jim's frantic heaving and shied suddenly to. He heaved the corroded staple would hold if the gunman should return.

Swiftly he returned to the wounded man and again heard the snuffling noise that had

scared him before. The man had recovered consciousness and was trying to talk. He must be gagged! Jim felt for the man's mouth, and his fingers found the problem. There was a wodge bolt in his mouth! He got it between his finger and thumb and managed to pull it out.

For a few moments the man made extraordinary noises, then he whispered, "Blessed 'em, 'em, 'em, 'em." Jim fumbled with his own fingers at the knots, glad that in his days with the Scouts he'd learnt to deal with knots himself. At last his companion was free. Jim helped him back onto the light, offered, and made a rough bandage for the nasty wound in his shoulder.

He was relieved that it was no worse. But the man needed help, for he had lost a lot of blood, and his arms and ankles had been gashed cruelly tight.

Jim made him as comfortable as he could against a wall and the man nodded his thanks.

"You a nurse?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Jim. "I'm only sixteen."

"I said 'nurse', not 'minor'. You look as black as a sweep."

"Oh, that," said Jim, looking down ruefully at his clothes and hands. "Yes, I don't know what Miss will say if it comes to that, you're pretty filthy too. See how full through the manhole, as well? Some fool left the cover off."

"No—I was the fool. They chased me down into the cellar, and I tried to get out of the manhole, but they pulled me back. If you hadn't happened along, they'd have... Well, never mind. Can't you think why they haven't turned up at it yet?"

"I've heaved the cellar door, so I think you should be safe while I get up through the manhole and fetch the police—unless that chap's still abouting. Can't you think why they haven't turned up at it yet?"

"Not the police, if I don't want 'em," said the man, looking up at Jim gratefully. "And they are on the job—I heard a police whistles just as you fall, after the second shot, when I knocked me out by falling on it. I don't think there'll be anyone watching the manhole now."

For Jim, one thing stood out of all that.

"Why not the police?" he asked. "Are you a criminal?"

"No," replied the man. He looked Jim straight in the eye, with such a frank gaze that the boy felt inclined to believe him. "I'll tell you part of the reason later. Can you get someone who won't talk to help me out and put me up for the night?"

Jim nodded. Then his face cleared.

"Yes," he said.

**P**ATRON climbing out of the manhole, Jim dashed out a large rounded lump of coal, half expecting it to be shattered by it. He made his way along the wall, as fast as he could, keeping a little from his bruised knee and leaning from the cracks on his head and chin. His imagination conjured up shadowy figures lurking in doorways, and once from just behind him the long-driven lewd of a lamp cut and slivered down his spine.

At the door of the house he was waiting for he paused uncertainly, then turned away and went round the back alley. There was no light in the window, and he wanted to get home without waking his mother. It must be very late—what on earth would Miss say when he got home? Especially when he saw the state he was in!

Thirty-nine, thirty-seven, thirty-five. No number on this back gate, but it must be thirty-three, the one he wanted. Better, it was locked. He heaved there was no broken glass on the yard wall as he leapt and caught the top with his fingers.

He heaved himself up, one foot on the ledge of the door. But the wall was too high for a jump down into the yard. Instead, he walked along the top, balancing precariously, and managed to climb on to the slate roof of the outhouse. As quietly as he could, he crawled up the roof over the scullery.

He had nearly reached the back bedroom



when his injured knee gave way, and he slipped. He clutched tightly at the roof, breaking the rest of the nails on his sore fingers, and at last managed to get the side of his foot into the gutter to arrest his fall. As he thought of the crash of his fallen fat on his stomach and nose on to the flag below, he shuddered, and blamed the house workman who had fixed that gutter so securely.

He lay for a moment, recovering his senses and listening. There was no sound except that of his own labored breathing. His shirk had made suspiciously little noise.

Remembering the temptation to call it a day and get down and knock at the door, he crawled up the roof again. The window he was aiming for was well open a little at the top, so it couldn't be bashed. He managed to get his long-suffering finger-nails under the bottom half of the window, trying to cling to the sloping roof by vacuum-suction, pressing his hollow stomach against it. The window squeaked, slightly, but such, by inch, he managed to raise it until the opening was big enough to get through.

There was no sound from the room. His eyes had got used to the darkness by now, and he could faintly make out a bump in the bed-headboard, slightly, but such, by inch, he managed to raise it until the opening was big enough to get through.

He put his arms and head through the window, and got his chest across the sill.

Suddenly the window slammed down on to him with such force that it knocked all the breath out of his body. A moment sooner and it would have punished him.

He shouted, "Ken, Ken! It's me, Jim!" At least, he thought he shouted, but it was only a choked whisper from his crushed chest. Then he passed out for the second time that night - or was it morning, now?

When he came to, he was lying flat on the floor, and someone was trying to pull his nostrils apart, so that he could open his eyes, his left wrist warm to his face. When he wakened he wasn't going to get a soap flannel on his eyes but water he opened them, and looked up. Ken's sister Pru was squatting by his head in her pyjamas, blowing his face.

"All right, Jim," it said. "Can't put you into Pru's bed in these filthy things."

"Bed?" squeaked Jim. "I can't go to bed - I've got an urgent job to do."

"Oh, not so loud," whispered Pru. "You owe me to bed - you're all in."

"Pru nearly killed you!" murmured Ken. He had the cheek to sound slightly amused about it.

"What happened?" asked Jim, trying to sit up, and groaning as his bruised ribs decided otherwise.

Ken gave another pull at his trousers, but Jim kept a tight hold. He'd noticed this on his own except his hurt.

"I heard someone on the roof, and thought we had burglars. There wasn't time to get anyone - they all sleep like the dead."

"Good thing, too," interrupted Ken. "Keep your voice down, for Heaven's sake!"

"And in any case," continued Pru more quietly, "I thought the man might be armed and it would be better to take him at a disadvantage."

"You certainly did!" complained Jim. "So I came out of bed, arranged the pillow to look like someone asleep, grabbed the cricket bat Ken had left here when we changed rooms, and flattened myself against the wall near the window."

"Good idea," granted Jim sternly. "How in your dad's knock my head off with the bat?"

"She didn't want to kill the chap," explained Ken. "If she'd knocked him silly he'd probably have fallen off the roof and killed himself."

"Besides," said Pru, "I've always wanted to gullotine someone with a window - nasty of me, I know."

"Look here," said Ken, "we're the ones that want some explanation. Who's been beating you up?"

"Apart from me," put in Pru shyly, transferring the saucer balanced from Jim's start to her hands and arms to his giant self.

"And what did you want me for, and when did you become a heavy boy?" You said nothing about it at Club to-night."

"I'll tell you as we go," said Jim. "I've waited too much time already, but I couldn't stand until now."

He tried to get up, but even with Pru's help he could only stagger to the bed and sit on it.

"You can't now," whispered Ken. He gave a push at Jim's chest, whipped off his trousers, and had him naked into bed before he knew what was happening.

"Now you'll stay there if I have to slog you!" growled Ken threateningly. "If there's anything to be done, Pru and I will do it."

Jim was about to protest, but looking at Ken's face he could see it would be a waste of time. And, boy! did it feel good to be in bed.

Quickly he told them what had happened to him. He couldn't have wished for a better audience. Their giggling eyes and gasps of astonishment and sympathetic horror as he described the shadow that had looked and sounded like an alligator made him feel for the first time that it was good to be in for some excitement even if he had got knocked about. As soon as he mentioned the wounded man, Ken broke in.

"Hang on a minute," he said. "He rapped out of the room. Pru just had time to whisper 'You were jolly brave, Jim,' and Jim to reply 'What about you, you braver!'" when Ken resumed carrying his clothes and a first aid box, and a pyjama jacket which he threw at Jim. He snapped out the light, and said to Jim: "You can talk while we're dressing."

Jim patiently handed off his shirt, wrangled into the jacket, and continued his story. By the time he had finished his friends were ready.

"Don't worry, Jim," said Ken. "We'll look after you just - and keep warm about it!"

Look! Remember of the power will help us - he's on all night, and he'll have a rope and lend a bit. I'm sure his wife will give the chap a bed. You can go to sleep and don't worry -



Pru'll go to her old bedroom when we get back, and as there isn't room for two in this bed, I'll sleep downstairs on the couch - or if there's any of the right kind!"

Ken spoke rapidly and decisively, and Jim felt confident that he and Pru could handle the situation, with Dick's help. Jim closed his eyes with a sigh, and was asleep almost before they shut the door.

They crept cautiously downstairs and out of the front door, then they stood for the garage.

"Why do their legs bring their knees together and look like lips up sideways as they run?" wondered Ken aloud.

"Keep your mind on your own legs, Bredy," roared Pru, forging ahead.

They told Dick enough for him to get out a small van. The young mechanic was a Northerner and brothered no excitement or surprise. All he said as they drove off was: "Pru, sit on my brother's lap if ye can't keep yer knobby knees out of my gear level!"

"You're very nice, Ken, Grumpy," protested Pru.

"An'll put ye across my knee, young woman, if that's a big job!"

They had no difficulty in finding the man-hole as it was the only one of its type in the street. Dick pressed up the cover and led the way into the laundry partly beneath. He had brought a torch and it didn't take them long to be sure there was no-one there. The

cellars were as Jim had described them, but there was no lamp and the door at the top of the steps was locked but not bolted.

"So ye were 'narn' me on!" growled Dick presently. He made a dive for Pru to carry out his threat, but stopped as he stood on something springy. It was a scribe ball, and except for roomy games it looked as if it had been washed.

"We'd better get out of this," said Dick grimly. He gave Pru a big up and bashed Ken after him and drove them back to his garage.

"There's a job for the police," he pronounced.

"But the man asked—" said Pru. "Ah'm tellin' ye."

"He says to Secret Service," muttered Ken. "We'll talk about it in the morning! Now, boss off 'ome - and keep out of mischief if ye can."

"You'll not ring them up tonight!" begged Pru.

"Not till I've spoke to Jim myself. Now 'p to us."

"Thanks, Dick - you're a sport."

They ran off as he turned back to his work. As they approached their street, Ken said, "You can sleep home. I'll just sit if there's a bit of Jim's house and if there's I'll sit his mother not to worry."

"All right," said Pru, yawning. "Don't forget you're sleeping downstairs."

She ran off towards her home. Just before she reached the front door a car drew up beside her. Two men sprang out and snatched her. Before she could utter a sound, something soft was pressed over her mouth and nose and she was smothered with a sweet sickly smell. She struggled frantically but was held firm by the men who held her against the running-board as she was dragged into the car.

Jim awoke with a start. Someone was creeping in at the window. It was too late to do Pru's gullotine trick, even if he had been in any condition to move swiftly.

He felt for the pear-shaped switch of the light over the bed, and pressed it. The sudden light dazzled him, so it did the intruder. He was standing by the foot of the bed with his hair very plastered down and water dripping from a down his face.

It was someone he recognized, someone he knew well, someone he loved and admired. It was his cousin Ray.

And the reason why his blood ran as he opened his mouth for a shriek which the man's wet hand quickly stifled, was that Ray was dead. He'd been dead two years. His jet aircraft had crashed somewhere in the sea off Ireland, and the wreckage had been found. The report said there could not possibly have been any survivors.

Did ghosts feed as solid as the clattery hands that gripped him?

To be continued next week

# CAPTAIN PUGWASH



# CRICKET COACHING BY LEARY CONSTANTINE

## THIS WEEK THE STANCE



1. FEET & HANDS — THE FEET
2. HANDS & HANDS — THE HANDS
3. HANDS & HANDS — THE HANDS
4. HANDS & HANDS — THE HANDS



STANCE ①  
LEFT HAND GRIP  
MUST BE EASY.



STANCE ②  
HOW NOT TO DO IT  
STANCE IS BAD



STANCE ③  
BODY WELL POSED OVER LEGS  
AND FEET —  
CREATES EASY MOVEMENT



BACK LIFT ④  
LIFT YOUR SAT STRAIGHT  
GRIP NOT TOO TIGHTLY —  
LOOSELY BUT FIRMLY



FOLLOW THROUGH ⑤  
MUST BE CONTROLLED  
AND KEPT STRAIGHT



FOLLOW THROUGH  
CONTROLLED ⑥  
THE END OF  
A MOVEMENT.

1. Cut out this coupon and keep carefully



THE COMPLETE  
POSITION OF  
LEFT HAND  
FACILITATES USE  
OF STRAIGHT BAT  
RIGHT HAND  
IS POWER HAND  
A GOOD  
GRIP FOR  
LATER ON  
LEFT ELBOW  
NOT SO  
STRAIGHT  
BUT STILL  
PERFECT — WHEN  
YOU KNOW THE  
POSITIONS OF LEFT  
WRIST AND ELBOW



THE STANCE  
THE FINISHED  
THING.  
EASY  
DOES  
IT.

NEXT WEEK  
THE MAIN  
DEFENSIVE  
STROKE

## A SHORT HISTORY OF WRITING



### No. 1 Prehistoric picture writing

Thousands of years ago primitive man experienced the urge to record the things he saw around him by means of simple pictures scratched on the walls of caves. These examples of man's earliest attempts to create a permanent record are to be found in many parts of the world.

The tools available for the purpose were crude by modern standards and doubtless consisted of sharp flints or stones to cut into the surface of the rock.

How different it is today when the invention of the Biro ballpoint pen enables recording in words or pictures so quick, so easy and so perfectly clear.

Are you using a Biro — the modern way of writing and the best?



**Biro**

A PEN FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Manufactured by The Miles Marcus Pen Co. Ltd.

## The Ovaltine's OWN CORNER of AMUSEMENT

IF you want to be a happy, healthy Ovaltine you should do as all other Ovaltine do — drink 'Ovaltine' regularly every day.

This delicious food beverage provides nourishment to build up robust health and to give you the energy and fitness which will help you to be successful in games and schoolwork.

EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD JOIN THE LEAGUE OF OVALTINE'S. The League has been formed by the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' to promote the health and happiness of children everywhere. Boys and girls all over the country have joined and are having great fun with the many high-ups, games and raids.

You can join the League and obtain the official Ovaltine Book and Badge by sending a label from a tin of 'Ovaltine' with your full name, address and age to — THE CHIEF OVALTINE, Dept. 54, 41 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W 1.

Can you imagine the Towns pictured here?



Drink delicious  
**Ovaltine**  
for Health,  
Strength & Energy

THE ANSWERS			
Face this paper towards a mirror			
HTAS	2	RTT2H3MAM	1
MAHSLD	2	1MCA2C2L2L	1
YBUD	2	2M2H2L	1

# THE SPY WHO SAVED LONDON

First of a series of real-life Spy stories told by

BERNARD NEWMAN



**D**O YOU remember the flying bomb and the rockets? If you lived in the London region in 1944, the answer is a big Yes. But did you also know this — that whereas the bombs and rockets came over on an average of a hundred a day, the Germans had planned to send a thousand a day? And that their campaign started six months later? Why? Because we were warned.

The story I have to tell you, now revealed for the first time, records one of the most important spy episodes of the war. In September, 1938, I was riding around the Baltic on a bicycle, and arrived at the German island of Rügen. There I stayed by accident into an enclosed area, and was arrested. I was released after a few hours, and politely escorted from the district.

However, in my brief spell at large I had noticed a few things. There were huge fragments of concrete scattered about. One was shaped in a semi-circular hollow, with a narrow drain down the centre. They described explosives, followed by queer noises from a trench and a rattle — like an express train, they said. At one time something had evidently gone wrong, whose consequences had left the area.

I could make little of this myself, but experts in London did. The Germans were experimenting with rockets! The concrete was part of a launching platform, and it was evident that rockets were blasting as soon as they left their launching jacks. I came to the conclusion that even in 1938 we knew quite a lot about the German experimental.

Later, from German friends, I learned their attempt had even been made to fire man-carrying rockets. The first 'volunteer' was a convict, promised his freedom if he would make the experimental trip. He did not live to escape his predicament.

From time to time more information came in. Our agents picked up him and pieces of news, and clever men fitted them together into a jigsaw puzzle.

Now when France collapsed in 1940 our Secret Service received a nasty blow. Fortunately, the Nazis played into our hands by taking thousands of immigrants to work in Germany. These French, Czechs and Poles were our friends, a wonderful recruiting ground for spies.

The same changes in the Polish capital, Warsaw, in 1941. A small group of Polish 'volunteers' was about to leave for Germany. As they gathered for a farewell party, a friend took some of them on one side.

"I don't know where you're going, but keep your eyes open," he said. "With us not occasionally, and if you're on the track of anything important, bring in the police. I wonder how old Auntie Katja likes this weather." Leave the rest to me. Understand?

"They did. They knew that their friend was a Polish Resistance leader — but they did not know that he was also a British agent."

The forced 'volunteers' were off to Germany, and were moved from job to job. At last some of them were transferred to a plant

on the Baltic, named Pomerania. From casual conversation they gathered that it was an unusual place — an experimental place.

Our men were employed on laboursome jobs — storing furnaces, digging foundations, and so on. But they could and did keep their eyes and ears open. The first came when one of the Poles wrote his letter mentioning Auntie Katja.

Three weeks passed. Then an officer arrived — in German uniform. He was from the branch of the German Todt organisation responsible for the recruiting and welfare of foreign workers. He was also a Polish agent, working in liaison with the British!

"Well, what have you got?" he asked of the man who had an even sadder name, Katja. "Something queer going on at this place. It's a Luftwaffe factory, an experimental place. I've heard rockets mentioned more than once, and one of our men saw in a shed small aircraft, with one engine — but with no place for a pilot."

"Ah! We're on to something!" "Yes, I think so. Of course, it's very difficult for us to get really inside the buildings — very carefully guarded."

"Take any risks you like. And you could do this — make out some sort of map of the plant."

"Yes, we could do that. Two of our men are camp scavengers — they get all around."

"Good. Mark the buildings which are most important. And mark also the offices and homes of the technical experts. A job like this depends mainly on brains. If we knock out the key men, we can stop the work."

**Hugnet Raid**

When Mr. Winston Churchill spoke later in Parliament on July 6th, 1944 — after the arrival of the first flying bombs — he said: "During the early months of 1943 we received through our many and varied intelligence sources reports that the Germans were developing a new long-range weapon with which they proposed to bombard London." Seligson in history has a prime minister acknowledged the work of his spies!

Mr. Churchill continued: "In August last the full capacity of Bomber Command was sent out to attack these installations."

The raid on Pomerania was one of the biggest of the war. Every bomber which could fly was allocated to the job. The experimental factory was utterly blasted. Not only were buildings destroyed, but dozens of technical experts were killed — including General Jeschke, Chief of Staff of the Luftwaffe. The plan suggested by the Polish workmen had indeed been complete!

Yet espionage has no end. The German would not halt because of one disaster. From foreign workers all over Germany came more reports — fragments of the jigsaw puzzle. One factory was manufacturing thin, wooden bits — and experts recognised both as parts of a rocket.

Now the scene changes again. Poles living near Munich reported an unusual factory nearby. It was especially heavily guarded. No trains entered its extensive grounds by day, but by night came trains of extra-large wagons with an armed guard in every track.

A Polish intelligence officer from the Underground Army arrived. He began to interrogate the engine drivers who brought the trains. Then, working at the other end, he found a Frenchman who had managed to get inside the German factory concerned. At one time the factory had been engaged on "radioactive" delicate radio sets to be attached in balloons which would float over England, and which would automatically emit death rays of weather conditions. Now the production had changed. The Frenchman reported that he heard a technician say, "We must know the time at which they explode. Then we shall know whether they have reached their destinations."

The next fragment of the jigsaw puzzle was picked up at Regency, near Lublin, also in Poland, about 200 miles from that guarded camp at Mladec. A systematic bomb exploded, doing heavy damage — and a party of German technicians arrived to make an examination.

In a quiet house in Kensington, British experts were comparing reports. They realised that, very shortly before the explosion at Regency, agents at Mladec had reported the discharge of a strike weapon — "An aircraft, but with a light in its tail."

"More information! Scaps of the procedure — anything?" was the signal sent to the Polish agents. Their task was very difficult for the Germans held every advantage. But fragments of the bomb were collected by dozens of amateur spies.

Then came a piece of luck: an ex-RAF pilot who again the back in after a vital service in the Battle of Britain. It was already obvious that the Germans were trying out their new weapons. Then one day a flying bomb fell near a village near the River Rur — and it failed to explode!

The Poles understood had warned all its agents to look out for the new missiles. Immediately the local men rushed to the scene. They found the flying bomb. As it was too big for normal methods of concealment, they pushed it into the river!

Then, when the German loss of scientists scattered the district, they could not find the bomb. As soon as safe, the Poles hauled it out of the river. Polish technicians came from

Warsaw. They photographed the flying bomb, examined its mechanism, and compiled a detailed report. This was handed to a man who appeared to be a Swedish seaman. So he was, but he was a secret-test job as well. He carried the report from Berlin to Sweden between the rubber and the curves of his sea boots.

It reached London safely. That same night the BBC's Polish programme contained the phrase, "Little is not satisfied with paper promises — he wants the real thing. Well, so do we."

The Poles understood. They covered the essential parts of the bomb's mechanism weighing nearly a hundredweight, to a force in Southern Poland. Here was a clearing — two years earlier it had been used by German fighters as an emergency landing ground.

"Operation Whirlwind" was planned. It was difficult, for German soldiers were on a road less than a mile away, and others were billeted in nearby villages.

An R.A.F. Dakota was ordered to fly from Italy. Just as a suitable day arrived, a German fighter squadron landed without warning on the abandoned clearing! The anxiety of the Poles on the spot can be imagined. Plans for warning the Dakotas pilot were hastily improved. But fortunately the German flew away.

So the Dakota landed safely, soon after midnight — with only a dozen peasant farmers' old lamps as its flare-path. The parts of the flying bomb, with a technician in charge, were loaded.

Now the luck changed. As the Dakota made its take-off run, it struck a soft patch of ground and its wheels were bogged. Imagine the scene. Within half a mile were hundreds of Germans — the sound of their hands could be heard.

Now the hard decision, the pilot judged that the bomb destroy his aircraft, apparently hopelessly embedded. He had actually begun to pour petrol over it, when the Polish technicians stepped in. From adjacent farms more peasants were collected. With spades and bare hands they dug out the secret. Yet before dawn the Dakota took off.

**Precious Secret**

It reached Breslau in Italy and thence the precious secret was rushed to London. There experts reconstructed the latest type of V-1.

Then, although the flying bombs and rockets were formidable, at least we were ready for them. Further, now we knew the secret, we were able with our friends to organize a vast scheme of sabotage in the factories where the missiles were being made.

I can now return to the point from which I started out. The Germans planned to send a thousand V-1s and V-2s a day, but sent only a hundred, and they started six months late. Can you imagine the effects of the original plan, if it had succeeded? London would have been as it was, but ten million extra and a terrible attack would have made it necessary to evacuate the capital. Millions of people would have been dispersed all over the country. The confusion might have lengthened the war by a year.

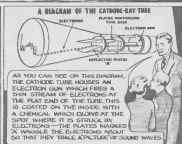
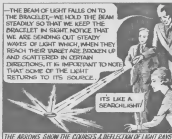
But the German plan did not succeed in full. Why? The principal answer is the Colonial R.A.F. raid on Pomerania. We gave full credit to Bomber Command for the great exploit, which cost 41 aircraft. Yet I suggest that we must give even greater credit to the agent who told the R.A.F. where and when to go.



Another true spy story  
by Bernard Newman

# PROFESSOR BRITTAIN EXPLAINS: RADAR

## IN PROFESSOR BRITTAIN'S LABORATORY



## Any Questions?

Write to Professor Brittain, c/o EAGLE, if you have any questions or problems you would like him to deal with. He will be on this page every fortnight.



# SETH AND SHORTY - COWBOYS

A tale  
of heroism and hardship  
in a lawless land,  
— South-West Texas  
sixty years ago



HEAR <sup>BY</sup> SHORTY!  
THE REDSkins REY BROWER  
OUT OF THEIR RESERVATION



COME ON!!  
LET'S FIND  
THE BOMB!!

GOIN'!!  
WOUL'D BE  
RAGE!!



HEAL!! WHERE  
ARE THE  
REDSKINS!!

I KINDA SUPPOSE  
THEY'VE CROSSED  
THE RIVER  
BY NOW  
BOSS!!



YOU GET SADDLED  
SHORTY!! RIDE OUT  
WITH SETH AND WARN  
THE REST OF THE  
OUTFIT!!

O.K!!  
BOSS!!



WILL HAVE A  
LOOK AT THE  
CANYON ON OUR  
WAY



WHAT'S THAT  
DOWN IN  
THE RANGES  
SETH?

THAT'S THE INDIAN  
CAMP... AND THERE'S  
ONE OF THE VAMPIRES  
BEHIND A ROCK



WELL, WE'VE  
PLENTY BIG  
STEERS BY  
MOONLINE  
REDNEATHER



LOOKS AS IF THE BOSS  
IS GOING TO LOSE SOME  
CATTLE-COME ON!! LET'S  
WARRME BOYS!!

WOUL'D ME? SURE  
THIS RANGE  
IS GONNA  
MUM!!

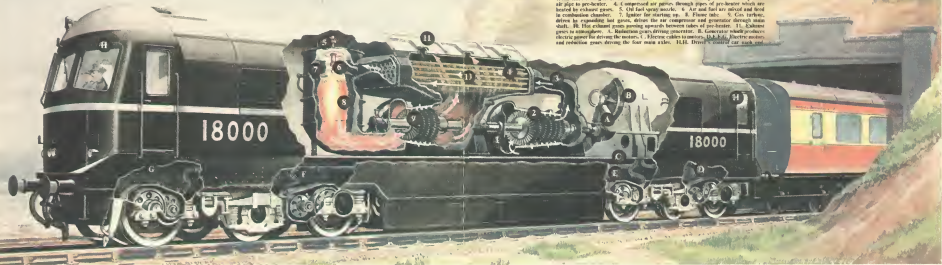
# THE NEW GAS TURBINE-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE

A new-comer to British Railways that will run on the Western Region Section

Length 79 ft. Weight 117 tons.

## KEY TO CYCLE OF OPERATIONS

1. Air enters from grill at side of locomotive. 2. Turbine air compressor. 3. Compressed air goes to pre-heater. 4. Compressed air passes through pipes of pre-heater which are heated by exhaust gases. 5. Hot fuel vapor ignites. 6. Air and fuel are mixed and fired in combustion chamber. 7. Turbine for starting up. 8. Power take-off. 9. Gas turbine drives the compressor, but gases drive the air compressor and generator through main shaft. 10. The exhaust gases passing upwards between tubes of pre-heater. 11. Exhaust gases in atmosphere. 12. Main turbine driving generator. 13. Generator sends power to electric power for driving the motor. 14. Electric cables to motor. 15. Electric motor and reduction gears driving the four main axles. 16. Driver's control car each end.



# SKIPPY

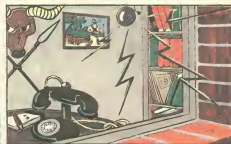


# THE KANGAROO



BY DANET, DUBRISAY, GENESTRE

AN ANDRÉ SARATY PRODUCTION



# HEROES OF THE CLOUDS



THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR PROVIDES A THRILLING STORY OF ACHIEVEMENT IN THE FACE OF GREAT DIFFICULTIES. NOW AIRPLANES DEVELOPED FROM FLIMSY AFFAIRS OF WOOD AND WIRE TO THE SLEEK JET-PROPELLED MACHINES OF TODAY WILL BE EXPLAINED EACH WEEK BY THE NICHOLSONS...



FATHER...



LEFT: MEET CAPT. BRIAN NICHOLSON, O.B.C. ONE OF OUR EARLIEST PIONEERS AND AN ACE OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR. HE WILL TELL YOU OF THE STRUGGLES AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE FIRST MEN TO FLY.

RIGHT: SON LOR. 'DICK' NICHOLSON, O.P.C. HIS SON, IS A TEST PILOT FOR A LEADING AIRCRAFT COMPANY AND A BATTLE OF BRITAIN VETERAN. HE WILL KEEP YOU IN TOUCH WITH ALL THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE WORLD OF AVIATION.

SON...



## And Their MACHINES



LEFT: THE FARMAN-TYPE BIPLANE, FLOWN BY CAPT. BRIAN NICHOLSON IN 1910. MAXIMUM SPEED WAS 55 M.P.H. WITH A 30 HP GOMME ROTARY ENGINE. NO PROVISION WAS MADE FOR THE COMFORT OF THE PILOT AS YOU CAN SEE!

RIGHT: THE IMAGINARY PHANTOM JET-PROPELLED FIGHTER, FLOWN BY 'DICK' NICHOLSON. EMBOSSING ALL THE LATEST DESIGN FEATURES SUCH AS SWEPT BACKWING AND LONG RANGE TANKS AND IS NEARLY TWELVE TIMES AS FAST AS THE FARMAN!



Next Week...

CAPT. NICHOLSON WILL DESCRIBE THE FIRST ASCENT BY MAN IN A HOT AIR BALLOON.

# DISCOVERING THE COUNTRYSIDE

by John Dyke

## The Hedgehog



LOOK ANN, THERE'S A DYLE AT THE YARD GATE AND HERE, OLD SUEP COMING TO MEET US!



WULLA THERE? GLAD TO SEE YOU BOTH AGAIN. I'M JUST OFF DOWN THE ROAD, CARE TO COME ALONG?



LOOK WHERE FOUND A HEDGEHOG! WELL, IT'S SAFE ENOUGH ROLLED UP, SHEP CAN GET THROUGH THOSE SPIKES THOUGH SAIDERS AND POWERS DO SOMETHING.



OUTRIPES THERE. HE KNOWS WHEREVER HE GOES. ON THE 20TH THEY ARE USUALLY AMONG PILE-OF-DEAR LEAVES AT THE BOTTOM OF A HEDGE OR BANK - OR EVEN DOWN A GARDEN BLINDING. THEY FIRST ROLL-UP BETWEEN THREE AND SIX OF THEM - ARRIVE ABOUT NOW THEY ARE COVERED WITH LONG SPURS AND SUEP SUEP AND LEAVE THEIR SPURS IN ABOUT A FOURTEENTH.



OF COURSE THE HEDGEHOG SLEEPS DURING THE WINTER. HE IS FED BY THE FAT STORED IN HIS BODY DURING THE SUMMER. THE POINT THING HE WANTS WHEN HE WAKES IS A DRINK - HE ONCE HAD A REDDORNO WHO WAS VERY FOND OF A LADDER - IT WALK AFTER HIS SLEEP.



WHAT DO THEY USUALLY EAT WIL DYKE?

ON INSECTS, SLUGS, WORMS, AND THEY ARE ESPECIALLY FOND OF SPARKS. THEY KEEP BITING THEM UNTIL THEY'RE DEAD, AND THEN GO ON TO EAT THEM FROM THE TAIL END.



WELL, WE HAD BETTER DETACHING NOW ABOUT COMING TO PLAY FOOT NEXT WEEK?



They launched the *Wawatani* on the Clyde in the early spring of 1906. The men who built her said she was a fine ship. She made her maiden voyage in November, 1906.

On 27th April 1909 the *Waratah* sailed for Australia. On her homeward run via South Africa, she steamed into Durban on the 25th July. She took on 250 tons of coal, increased her passengers to 92 and sailed for Capetown.

recent days.

At sunrise on the morning of 27th July, the Hawaiki overtook a big freighter, the *Clas Maristany*, also steaming down the coast. Neither ship had wireless. They spoke with signal lamps.

"What ship are you?" asked the Chief Mariner.

<sup>17</sup> *Marinsk, bound for London*.

"Class Marleyve here," answered the freighter. "Also bound London. Goodbye."

The officers on the *Clay MacIntyre's* bridge watched the big liner disappear over the horizon ahead. They were the last men to see the *Hirawaka*. Nothing more was ever heard of her.

Three warships searched for her. A ship named the *Sewen* hunted for more than a month and covered 2,700 miles. Another ship, the *Sablow*, chartered by the Warrent's owners, cruised for 90 days and covered 15,000 miles. The *Sablow* even explored the

empty seas towards the Antarctic.

The *Waratah* had passed five separate inspections for sea-worthiness. The builders, the owners, the Board of Trade, Lloyd's, the Emigration Authorities, had all carefully examined her.

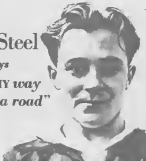
The liner's disappearance is as much a mystery today as it was on that July morning forty-one years ago.

Another Real Life Ministry won  
The White Queen of the Salts

*One of the most brilliant forwards that ever came from Scotland...*

## 5413

*"Here's MY way  
to cross a road"*



“It’s a forward’s job to break through — on the football field. He must be able to dodge the defence—and have plenty of dash. But dodging and dashing is just asking for trouble when you’re crossing a road. Here’s my way:

- 1 At the kerb—**HALT**,  
2 Eyes—**RIGHT**,  
3 Eyes—**LEFT**,  
4 Clamor again—**RIGHT**,  
5 If all clear—**ONCE MARCH**

+ No need to run, because I wait until there is a real gap in the traffic.

"In Soccer, you go all out to win, so of course you take risks — it would be pretty dull otherwise! But traffic's not a game. By taking a chance, you may get killed, or kill someone else. So just use your head, remember you're part of the traffic, learn to be a good Road Navigator, and cross every road the Korb Drill way."

Billy Stiel

HAVE YOU ANYTHING  
IN YOUR HOUSE THAT'S  
100,000 YEARS OLD?

Yes, Scientists tell us that millions of years ago there were trees and ferns which, as they died away, became buried under more plants. The earth gradually changed, rocks shifted and these decayed plants became buried deeper and deeper. All the time they themselves were changing — into the coal we burn on our fire today.



WHAT IS THE LARGEST COCOA CUP  
IN THE WORLD?

Enough Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa is produced to fill 31 million average-size breakfast cups every day.



CAN YOU BUY COAL IN A  
DRAPERS SHOP?



Yes, but not in a bad. Did you know that Nylon stockings, among many other things, are made from coal? So next time your mother warns her options you can tell her that she's really dressed in coal!

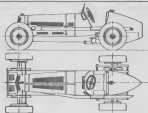
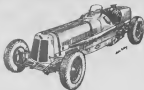
*I want Cadburys!*

WHICH QUEEN BURNED  
COAL FIRES?

Queen Elizabeth, illiterate as my first mass of her subjects of Parliament were necessary gentlemen who have used on their first, The Queen learning that, as they were used to read-  
ings, and might harm their health, banned coal fires in London while the Queen was in the country.

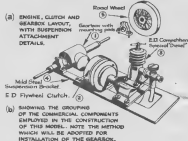


# MAKING YOUR OWN MODEL RACING CAR



## 1½ LITRE RACING CAR

TRACK-FRONT - 4' 3½" TRACK-REAR - 4' 2"  
WHEELBASE - 8" WHEELS - 16" x 4.00  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100



### A WORKING SCALE MODEL By G.W. ARTHUR - BRAND Associate Editor, The Model Engineer.

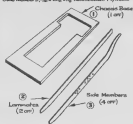
You can make for yourself an actual working model of this famous E.R.A. racing car if you follow these drawings and instructions each week.

The only parts you need to buy are the motor flywheel-clutch unit, track axle and road wheels. If you want to know where to get these and how much they cost, write to the Editor, *ENGINEER*, 43, Strand Lane, E.C.4 enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Next time (in a fortnight) we shall start the actual building of the model! The sketch on the right shows the plates to be made and the materials, with their 'raw' dimensions, we shall need.

The tools you will need are - a first size, a simple hand drill with 1/16 inch bit and a sheet each of medium and fine sandpaper.

MATERIALS FOR CHASSIS BASE AND SIDE MEMBERS:  
Base, 1½ x 12" x 2½" Balsa Banded Plywood  
Laminates, 1/16 x 15½ x 1" Balsa Banded Plywood  
Side members, 1/16 x 15½ x 1½" Balsa Banded Plywood



## SPORTING PERSONALITIES

### STANLEY MORTENSEN

S.H. MORTENSEN WAS BORN AT DURHAM IN 1921 AND PLAYED IN THE TOWN TEAM AT TWELVE.

BLACKPOOL SIGNED HIM WHEN HE WAS SIXTEEN.

INJURED WHILE IN THE R.A.F. IT WAS THOUGHT HE WOULD NEVER PLAY AGAIN BUT WAS SOON PLAYING IN HIS FIRST GAME FOR ENGLAND.

HIS BEST PERFORMANCE WAS FOR ABERDEEN SELECT ELEVEN V. THE ARMY. HE PLAYED CENTRE FORWARD OPPOSITE STAN, CULLIE AND ALTHOUGH BEATEN 5 TO 4 MORTENSEN SCORED ALL FOUR GOALS.

MORTENSEN IS PROBABLY THE FASTEST MAN WITH THE BALL IN PRESENT DAY FOOTBALL.

A DYNAMIC INSIDE FORWARD AND A TERRIFIC SHOT WITH EITHER FOOT.

BLACKPOOL  
and  
ENGLAND



# Lash Lonergan's Quest

By MOORE RAYMOND

## Chapter 1

LASH LONERGAN was now attempting to ride Thunderbolt! The announcer's voice rang across the Sydney Showground, and a buzz of excitement swept through the crowd of 40,000 people who lined the arena — far upon tier after the blazing Australian sun.

"Thunderbolt's a killer!" "Lash Lonergan's not much more than a boy, is he?"

"Just twenty, but he's the greatest rider ever Sweeney Biker away back in the twenties."

"That stallion has killed three men already!"

All eyes were on the sleek, wiry young man who was perched on the rails of the mounting yard away over in the corner.

Lash Lonergan looked down on the wicked black stallion and smiled. It was a flashing boy smile that belied the fierce pumping of his heart.

Thunderbolt snarled and strained at the ropes, flinching his ears and showing the whites of his evil eyes. His hand hooves lashed out viciously, thudding on the timber in his stall.

"Ready?" As the announcer called across the arena, the great crowd became silent. Lash rapped his broad-brimmed hat a little tighter. "Thunderbolt," he murmured through gritted teeth, "here comes your hour!"

Shouting "Okay!" to the announcer, he snatched the reins, dropped from the rail into the saddle, and felt for the stirrups at the headstall in the horse's girth.

Away swung the gate, and Thunderbolt played into the arena.

"Ooey!" called the tempestmaker. "He's hived because a mad beast! Head down and back arched like a wildcat, he went tick-back-bucking across the arena, sending up clouds of dust."

With body tensed yet flexible as a steel spring, Lash stayed in the saddle.

"There!"

Already the crowd was murmuring as Lash heard the tickle of wind on his face. He felt it would last.

"Four!"

Thunderbolt redoubled his frantic efforts, leaping and twisting his body in the air, so that Lash was almost wrenching from the saddle.

"Four!"

Thousands began to cheer. Thousands more stood up to watch such horsemanship.

"Six!"

Thunderbolt squirmed with anger. Only Lash heard the tickle of wind on his face. He was drowned by the roar of the crowd.

"Seven!"

Never before had they seen such a sight as this raging black horse hurling himself into the air, controlling himself in fury.

"Eight!"

The cheers were redoubled till the whole arena seemed to tremble with the noise. Jarred and dizzy, with dust choking his throat and grit in his teeth, Lash was almost thrown time and time again.

"Nine!"

Lash felt a shudder go through the half-crown horse. Then Thunderbolt squealed again — a horrible, evil sound.

Ten.

Now the wildly cheering thousands sent a tornado of sound across the arena. Then, as a second, the noise turned into a great gasp of fear and dismay.

Thunderbolt snarled up and heaved himself back, intending to crush his rider. But Lash was ready. He kicked away the stirrups, thrust at the pommel, and flung himself free. As Thunderbolt crashed almost on top of him, he rolled away to safety and sprang to his feet.

Though ready to reel with dizziness and shock, Lash pulled himself together and walked calmly towards the competitor's box while the stewards ran in and took charge of the sweating, steaming, leaping Thunderbolt.



The tremendous ovation continued till Lash was made the banner. Then came the announcer's voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, that is the end of the back-pumping contest. It is also the end of all horsemanship contests this year for the title of Champion of Champions."

"For the first time in the history of these shows, one man has won all four contests. First as the stockpile expert, first as the cattle-drafting expert, first as the fancy riding expert, and first in the back-pumping contest — Lash Lonergan!"

Once more the cheering broke out as Lash once entering into the arena as his own splendid horse, Mouskrat. Pure black except for a white "sock" on each foot, the horse pranced as if proud of the young man who rode him with such natural grace.

Lash bowed to the cheering thousands and bowed his bright, boyish smile as he returned across to the Governor-General's box.

A light touch of the bit on Mouskrat's mouth sent the horse before the flower-decorated box. As was the custom, the Governor-General rose from his seat and bowed to the Champion of Champions.

As Lash bowed in return, his hand went to the coiled stockpile that hung at his belt. He jerked it free and flung it with the plained thing.

Crack-crack-crack! It was swift and brilliant whirlywind of the kind that had earned him the nickname of Lash as well as a reputation for such skill throughout the land.

So, to the accompaniment of tremendous applause, Australia's champion horseman bowed and went riding from the arena riding into an adventure more exciting than anything he had ever dreamed about.

"Well, no flabbergastin' boy, you've hit the nut and gone it!" cried Rawhide O'Reilly, hitching up his dirty

jarred and dizzy.

Lash stayed in the saddle . . .

cowboy trousers around his lean hips "Just as you do!"

Lash grinned agreement as he shook the heavy head of the weather-beaten, sun-scorched Irishman.

"Stone the crows and stiffen the boards!" Rawhide went on. "Just now till we get back to Coolish Creek. There'll be such celebration as will set all the kangaroo-jumpers into one another's pockets!"

"But first," replied Lash, "we're going to do some celebrating right here in Sydney. Come and see the adobe!"

They walked down the lane between the noisy, sandy booths African Pygmies, The Wall of Death, The Pin of Adversity, and so on.

Lash stopped outside a tent that carried this crudely-painted sign: "The Living Boy in Solid Ice. He Speaks. He Talks. He Drinks. The Marvel of the Age. Admission 6d."

"Just the thing for a scorching day like this," smiled Lash. "I think we can spare a zinc to see the marvel of the age." He handed the money over to the woman at the entrance.

Inside the almost empty tent they stopped, stared, and laughed at the sight.

On a platform were a number of blocks of gleaming ice built to form a sort of transparent box with one end open. Inside, a boy of 14 or 15 lay on a mat. He wore only a faded flannel shirt and shorts, his arms crossed.

"He, cobblers!" growled the freckle-faced, curly-haired youngster, sticking his head out of the opening. He grinned, showing strong, white teeth.

"We've been had!" cried Rawhide. "We've been duped out of our zinc!"

Lash bent down and looked the smiling boy straight in the face. The strong, handsome teeth were chattering, and the freckled face was tinged with blue.

The youngster caught the boy by the shoulders, hauled him out, and stood him on his sturdy feet.

"You're freezing to death in there," said Lash in a curt but kindly tone.

"But it's my job," would the boy. "I'll get heated if I—"

"What's up?" interrupted a harsh voice. They turned to see a big, brutal-looking man enter the back of the tent. He was followed by two more toughs.

"I couldn't help it, Mr. Scow!" cried the boy in answer. "This crowd's hot!"

"Get back in there!" snarled Scow, swinging a heavy boot.

Lash reached out swift hands and caught the foot in mid-air. He gave it a sharp twist. Scow yelled, swung round, and fell on his face.

"Get the lid out of here," ordered Lash to Rawhide. The Irishman grabbed the boy's arm and heaved him towards the rear exit.

A stream of abuse poured from Scow's lips as he scrambled to his feet and hanged at Lash with great fast swinging wildly.

The roughrider stopped lightly made, and, balancing himself like a ballet dancer, leaped on his toes as he swung his open hand in a swift arc. The side of his head caught Scow just below the ear.

"Ugh!" he groined, and fell in a semi-conscious heap.

Just as Rawhide and the boy disappeared through the rear exit, Scow's two body companions flung themselves at Lash.

"What's the idea?" yelled the boy to Rawhide.

Standing at the back of the tent and listening to the horns, grunts, thumps, and scuffling noise made, Rawhide chuckled in reply in the eye of the young fellow he'd a bit of experience. "It's there to me, I know. But one Lash Lonergan in a multitude of flames up a fight. If he wants me, he'll whistle!"

Cries there was silence. Lash emerged from the tent, stepping a little, but smiling gayly.

"Zank!" opened Rawhide.

"Zank-zank-zank!" laughed the roughrider. "They're sorting themselves out, and they'll soon start looking for this young squire. Come on, lad!"

He took the boy by the arm and started off. The lad dragged back, declaring that he had to return to Mr. Scow.

"Now look, Scow," said Lash loudly. "I can see you're being booied and booied about at this address. So come on!"

Before the boy could recover his breath he was sitting between Lash and Rawhide at a table.

An order for an for back as he could remember, the boy had been adopted by an uncle who was a circus clown. The uncle had died, the circus was disbanded, and Scow, the assistant ringmaster, went into the show-bus business, taking the boy with him. It was then he got the idea of the Living Boy in Solid Ice.

"No more of that," Lash accused him.

"But, me flabbergastin' lad," began Rawhide. "What—"

"Pull your head in!" snarled Lash with a laugh. "From now on it's going to be Lash, Rawhide and Scow — the Three Dreaming Cobblers!"

The Irishman lifted his eyes to heaven and sighed. "Stone the crows and stiffen the boards!"

"Have another helping of punsion fruit jelly," said Lash to Scow, and I'll tell you the story of Lash Lonergan.

"Just like you, Tim an cousin who was asked by an uncle, Mr. Uncle Peter's got a place out West called Coolish Creek. He breeds cattle and horses. That's where I was brought up — and I was brought up tough."

"On the day I was seventeen my uncle checked me out. He said I was a crened."



**Spash and Squash is debel!**

Lash grinned and went on: "Uncle's got a chestnut mare called *Charlie*. Every time I can remember he's been terribly proud that he's the only man on Coodalash Creek Station who can ride *Charlie*. Every now and again he'll offer ten pounds to anyone on the station who could stay on him back. They all tried - and they all came off."

Squash gulped down a mouthful of gilly and asked: "Did you get thrown, too?"

"Uncle said I was too young to try riding *Charlie*. But at night I used to go down to the paddock and make friends with her. It took me the night and morning, but in the end she let me get on back her. Yes, back her. But of course I never let Uncle know."

"Then, the day I was seventeen, he called me out at front of all the men and said I was old enough to try to ride *Charlie*. And I refused."

"What?" cried the amazed boy.

Rawhide cut in: "Lash could have ridden her back to front with his hands in his pockets. But don't you see it would have broken Uncle Peter's heart? It was his great pride that he was the only one who could ride that rambunctious mare."

Lash went on to describe how his uncle said he was *advised* of his own flesh and blood. Finally he ordered him off the station, telling him not to return if he'd perished himself a man.

"Then up stage Rawhide O'Reilly," put in the Irishman, "and I takes the last of Uncle Peter goes on a shoveller's look and tells me to do a job as well. So before sundown we was just a couple of wanderers on the face of the earth."

Lash laughed and said: "It all started out for the best. I was determined to make a name for myself - a champion roughrider and stock-ramp expert - with the help of the old adviser and friend a man ever had. I mean that hairy Irishman, Rawhide O'Reilly."

"What a heart-steady, body-bruise!" those years had been through, said Rawhide. "But now he's Champion of Champions!"

"And now," said Lash, with a warm smile for the other two, "we've gone back in triumph to Uncle Peter Longman. And that time Squash'll be there of us."

At that very moment, Uncle Peter lay at



the bottom of a ravine 15 miles from the homestead of Coodalash Creek. Over his lifeless body stood half-a-dozen aborigines, shaking spears and boomerangs with grief at the death of one whom they knew as Big White Friend.

As they walked, they wondered why he should be clanking in his hand a piece of rock that glimmered deep purple and soon blue and fiery red in the rays of the setting sun.

"'Twas whopper ran through the back!" "Those J. Gills makes long Coodalash Creek."

In their own secret and mysterious way, the aborigines passed on the message as the three riders ambled along the dusty road that led to the far West.

It was three weeks since they had left Sydney, and they were all looking forward to the end of their long and arduous ride.

Rawhide let the reins trail on the neck of his lean and very chompy, Shavey Lou, as he stumped at his best and sang:

"Oh, we ride through the pinyas  
And the magsa scrub,  
And across the saltbush plain,  
And we sing as we go

With a yeh-hore-ho!

"It'll soon be home again!"

On his left rode Lash, mounted on proud-stopping Mustang. The third of the trio was Squash, who rode Patch, a white pony that Lash had bought for him in Sydney.

"It'll be the tail of my shirt to a bushel of new buttons that your Uncle Peter will make you owners," declared Rawhide.

Squash grinned: "I reckon he'll get a lot of a surprise when he sees me!"

"He'll get a surprise to see all of us," replied Lash. "I haven't written to him to say we're coming home. I thought it would be best if—"

He stopped short. His keen eye had caught the glint of sunlight on the twirling boomerang.

"Duck!" yelled Lash, reaching swiftly for the stockwrap at his belt.

Rawhide and Squash flattened themselves on their horses' necks as the curved, sharp-edged weapon whizzed towards them. Lash flung the handle of his whip, and the thong whirled into the air. The boomerang up struck like a stake at the boomerang.

"Bully-aye!" the boomerang fell harmlessly at Mustang's feet.

"Into the scrub!" cried Lash. All three turned their horses towards the muga trees.

"Then blisters' myths!" scowled Rawhide, steering ahead into the shimmering summer sun.

"Mo-pole!" The plaintive notes came from a nearby patch of sandalwood.

Lash and Rawhide looked at each other sharply. No mo-pole had ever called in broad daylight. It must be Mo-pole's head.

"Mo-pole!" called Lash to a melancholy tone.

A moment later they stepped from behind a tree a tall and strong young blackfellow. He wore nothing but a lion-garment of plaited reeds, and he carried a boomerang and a spear.

The black man beckoned. Then he stumped behind the tree again.

"It's Mo-pole all right," and Lash as he urged his horse forward.

"What's he playin' hide-and-seek for?" growled Squash.

"No sense," said Rawhide. He told the

boy that the aborigine was a good friend of them. He was one of a tribe of blacks who lived in a camp on the outskirts of Coodalash Creek station.

"Mo-pole!" came the cry from the bush somewhere ahead.

Riding on, Lash was puzzled by this strange behavior. Suddenly they came to a clearing. Beside a little waterhole stood Mo-pole.

The time the aborigine came forward to meet his friends. His black face wore a grin that displayed flashing white teeth.

Suddenly Mo-pole's face became grave, and his voice took on a sad note. As he told his story in a mixture of English and his own native words, Lash learned for the first time of the death of his Uncle Peter.

Dazed by the news, he listened as it dawned to the story of how the owner of Coodalash Creek had been found by some blacks at the bottom of a ravine. The man's skull was broken, and he had obviously been killed instantly by his fall.

When they brought him to the homestead, he was still clutching a piece of beautiful opal.

"Then there is more opal up there!" cried Rawhide. "I reckon—"

"Quiet!" cried Lash with a fierce intensity that shocked the Irishman into silence.

The aborigine said that Mo-pole the first man had taken charge and had arranged the funeral at the nearby settlement called Tarravarras.

"Dago Messer!" roared Rawhide fiercely. "Why, he—"

The Irishman cut himself short at Lash's swift glance. As Mo-pole went on with his story, he became very excited. He used more and more of his own native words that only Lash could understand. The young roughrider's face clouded with anger and dismay.

Abreast the aborigine said: "This fella go long walk home. Goodbye." He turned and made for the trees.

Lash turned Mustang's head towards home. "There's trouble ahead," he told his companions as they made for the road again.

And the name of that trouble appears to be Dago Messer.

To be continued next week.

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# ROB CONWAY

THE STORY  
OPENS AT  
WESTPORT  
A.T.C. CENTRE

THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT,  
CHAPS— GOOD WORK  
CONWAY!



'NIGHT ALL

CHEERY  
ROB

GOODNIGHT  
CONWAY



HURRYING HOME, ROB TURNS  
INTO A BRICK ALLEY FOR A SHORT  
CUT...



GOSH!

—WHEN SUDDENLY HE SEES TWO  
MEN LOCKED IN A GRIM STRUGGLE



HEY, STOP THAT!



ALARMED THE  
TROUS WITH THE  
COAT DAMAGED  
HIS HEELS



YOU  
ALRIGHT,  
SIR?

GOLDY,  
THE POOR  
CHAP HAS  
ONLY ONE  
WOUND

THANKS, CAPT.  
GOOD JOB  
YOU CAME!



YES, I'M ALRIGHT, THANKS  
MY BOY — I'VE BEEN  
IN TIGHTER CORNERS  
THAN THAT!



I SAW HIM DROP SOMETHING — HERE  
IT IS — IS IT YOURS?



YES, BY GEORGE  
—LUCKY FOR ME  
HE DIDN'T GET  
IT!



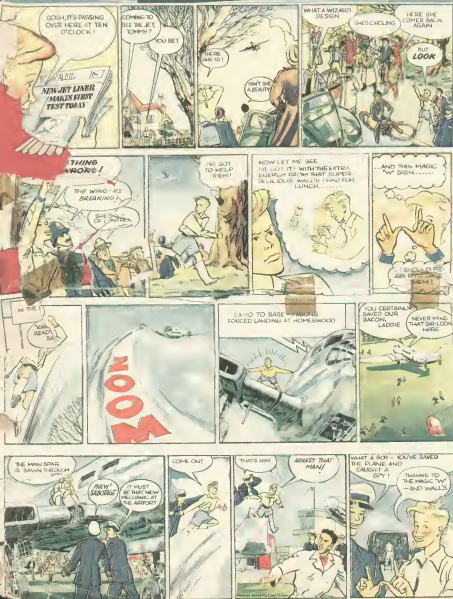
MY NAME'S MAJOR MORLAND. MY FLAT IS QUITE  
NEAR HERE. WILL YOU DO ME ONE MORE GOOD  
TURN? KEEP FIFTY YARDS BEHIND ME, AND IF  
YOU SEE ANY MORE FUNNY BUSINESS, BLOW  
THIS WHISTLE!

CONTINUED

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